

Questioning Art

What if Michaelangelo had proclaimed from
way far up there on the Sistine scaffolding?

"I'm beginning to see color, and the human
form, all forms really, as planes and cubes and

surfaces transmuting and revolving as does
everything in nature. You can actually look

at the woods in the rain and glimpse
not woods nor rain but purest essence

closer yet to God." Then,
patron Cardinal fatly snapping

"Fuck this visionary ghinny! Bring me
somebody whose head isn't up his ass!"

We'd have surely gotten Sal,
and lost thereof a certain flavor.